

### The Evening World

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### NEW YORK'S SHARE.

FROM the City of New York is expected \$1,334,250,000 in the great Fourth Liberty Loan drive which begins here to-night with the President's speech at the Metropolitan Opera House. Of the \$6,000,000,000 national total, the five Boroughs of Greater New York must furnish over 22 per cent. Of the \$1,800,000,000 quota assigned to the Second Federal Reserve District, which includes the whole of New York State and parts of Connecticut and New Jersey, this city's share is 74 per cent.

A big slice for a community to take care of. But New York has not only the wealth and financial prestige to carry this part of the new Liberty Loan. It has also the greatest facilities of any city in the country for handling a Liberty Loan campaign on a big scale and for bringing the unanswerable arguments for bond buying home to hundreds of thousands of individuals.

Despite the demand which the new \$6,000,000,000 loan makes upon the American people, there are strong reasons why the Fourth Liberty Loan should be launched and floated with even more speed and enthusiasm than those that have gone before.

The tremendous change in the war situation should have a marked effect.

With news from all fronts telling of onward-moving Allied offensives—in France, in Macedonia, in Palestine, while another is preparing in Italy—attack after attack highly successful, inflicting disastrous blows upon German arms and German morale, how can there fail to be imparted to peoples at home an ever stronger impulse to push on and win quickly?

With the knowledge of what an army of a million and a half Americans in France have done to turn the tide and bring victory nearer, can Americans in the United States find money fast enough to speed along the fighters who are doing so gloriously what they were sent to do?

Americans in France are fighting to end the war and end it in short order. The chief anxiety of the American troops, notes Marshal Foch, "is to make up for lost time."

Will any American on this side of the Atlantic begrudge them the means to make it up?

"The wildest war fury is at present raging in the United States," the Imperial German Chancellor told the Main Committee of the Reichstag this week.

By next week that fury, from the German point of view, should be raging more wildly still as the American people carry their greatest war loans swiftly toward its total.

New York ought to fill itself with this spirit and take its proper place as leader in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign. The faster it runs up its millions in subscriptions the faster the rest of the country will do likewise. Twenty-one days are more than New York needs.

Any person who knows what the average New Yorker knows can have no doubt as to the value of a bond on which Uncle Sam guarantees the interest and pledges himself to pay back the principal.

Who wouldn't be glad to own something like that when the war ends and prices go down and the purchasing power of a dollar begins to look big again?

Any way you argue it, New York is the winner by \$1,334,250,000 of Liberty Bonds.

The end of the war is in sight. The Government needs money to spend on the quickest route to victory. It offers the best investment in the world to each and every one who will help.

New York's share is none too big.

### Letters From the People

Prepares War Tax on Dogs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me to suggest that a war tax on dogs would not be amiss. Perhaps, if their owners had to pay a good price for the privilege of keeping them, there would not be quite so many and we could rest at night.

READER.

One Patriotic Landlord.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Unfortunately I have no children and have been magnanimously accepted by a landlord to occupy a four-room flat in Astoria, L. I., for which I agreed to pay \$22. Within two months we were raised to \$34, which we paid without a murmur, he pleading high cost of coal for the coming winter, &c.

The next month he raised our rent to \$43. I objected to this unwarranted rise, but stated that I should not like to move until I hear from my draft board, as I am in the draft age, and also as it is very difficult to get accommodations in October, to which this patriot threatened me with a dispossessing notice unless I vacate the premises.

As families have been evicted for having two grown-up children and a baby, what chance do I stand, please, as to my country? A. P.

Her Children Not Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having read the letter of an "Out-

cast in New York," I sympathize with her very much. I am an outcast also with my five children. I get no consideration whatsoever. The tenement is just as bad as high-class apartments.

There is nothing I love like a large family. My mother had ten children and my mother-in-law twelve. All of them are doing their bit to win this war. Myself and children are also helping.

I have gone without a new coat for four winters, but I have my Liberty Bonds. My children are taught to save for Thrift Stamps, and I will be one of the first to buy in the next Liberty Loan. I often wonder why there isn't more respect paid to poor mothers when we go to look for rooms. In my opinion, it is not the intelligent owners or agents, but all the time, but that of caretakers who have no children of their own. They don't want other children. What they want is women to wash and iron for them. If the Board of Health had seen the condition of this flat when I took it there would have been trouble, but I had been refused accommodations on account of my beautiful children that I was glad to get it. I scrubbed and cleaned it for about a week and me a poor mother.

This country is beautiful. I love it. I could die for it. Even the free hospitals, the doctors are fine. So are the nurses. They have the greatest respect for mothers. Everybody is lovely until I go in search of a flat.

A POOR WEST SIDE MOTHER.

### Hits From Sharp Wits

Those who offer bargains get rich quicker than those who seek them.—Chicago News.

The time that some persons use to explain why they cannot do certain things would suffice to get the things done.—Albany Journal.

A grouchy is a man who prays for rain when a company of happy and contented people are standing out for a picnic in the woods.—Toledo Blade.

## Among the German Casualties

By J. H. Cassel

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## New York Girl Types You Know

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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XXV.—THE GIRL OF TO-MORROW



THE GIRL OF TO-MORROW

THE Girl of To-morrow, most important of all types of New York girls, goes almost unobserved among us. Looming in the park, selling Thrift Stamps on the avenues, minding her baby brother in half a million homes or chattering earnestly on her way to school, she holds in her childish hands the torch of the future. What she is, what she becomes, will make or mar the generation after us.

In many ways this girl, when she reaches maturity, will differ from the girls that have gone before her. She will take, as a matter of course, many rights—to the vote, for instance, for which the women of to-day have had to strive. She will work in numbers and in occupations still hardly grasped. It does not matter whether these things meet with our approval or not. They are written in the book of fate, and our approval or disapproval is a waste of energy.

Less and less will she be able to make a profession of marriage, and less and less will she desire so to capitalize her love. She will love and marry just exactly as she does now, except that she will no longer write letters to Betty Vincent and Beatrice Fairfax asking whether a young man has the right to require her to give up her work to become his wife. For she will have answered that question for herself.

There will be drones for a long time—the women to whom marriage will still appear as a new land of lotos eaters, wherein all who taste it fruits may dream and feast in idleness forever. But men will find them less and less desirable as wives. And in that way they will perish.

Many of the girls of to-day work too hard, too long and for too little money, and many of the girls of to-day work about as much as grasshoppers. One of La Fontaine's best known fables tells of the frantic but futile efforts of a grasshopper who has played all summer but is frightened by winter's approach, to beg food from a frugal and thrifty ant.

In the fable the ant refuses; in life he generally consents. But day by day the grasshopper must resort to more and more eloquence, while the ant

ing" or "It's perfectly scrumptious!" After all, the mere fact that words are in the dictionary should not bar them from her daily speech, nor the exclusion of other words endow them with special excellence.

We cannot imagine the Girl of Yesterday as expressing herself in such hideous and illiterate phrases as "I should worry!" "What do you know about that?" or "You said a mouthful." And when the Girl of Yesterday sat down to her piano to sing of the men gone to war it was of "The Vacant Chair" she warbled tenderly. I wonder what she would think could she hear her granddaughter's staccato proclamation "If he can fight like he can love, then goodbye, Germany!"

We have heard about the modern woman's right to choose her career, the father of her children, &c. Among all these dazzling prerogatives is it too much to hope that the Girl of To-morrow will want to choose her words as well?

## Wanted—An "Ideal Husband"

By Charlotte Wharton Ayers

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CHARLOTTE AYERS

EVERY girl has an ideal in the back of her head of the kind of a man she wants to spend the rest of her life with. She doesn't want a philander who makes love to every girl that happens to take his fancy, does she?

Most certainly NOT! Very well—then remember these few things.

I'm going to give you some pointers that you may find useful in the selection of your husband-to-be some day. They say a "danger known is a guide post to safety." Perhaps you may find a post or two in this lot that you can use.

Look out for the man who will tell you that you are "just made for him!" To this type of man any one he may happen to desire at any particular moment he always imagines to have been created for his special benefit. Any individual who can tell who his real mate may be in this topsy-turvy old world deserves to be canonized and ought

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR, Mr. Bepier, the butcher, wants to see you," said Gertrude, the Jarrs' faithful wartime kitchenette, so to speak. And so saying she "checked in" to Mrs. Jarr with a pound and a half of liver, a package of macaroni, a can of tomatoes and seventy-five cents' worth of Thrift Stamps, the latter to fill out the Jarr family card.

"I don't see what that man Bepier wants to see Mr. Jarr for so particularly," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "I don't owe that man anything—that is, except part of week before last's bill and half of last week's and this week's. But one thing is sure, if he is going to bother Mr. Jarr about the bills I'll take my custom somewhere else!"

"I don't think it's about the bills, mum," said the faithful Gertrude. "Mr. Muller, the grocer, told me to tell Mr. Jarr he wants to see him, too."

"Then it IS about the bills!" said

Mrs. Jarr firmly. "There! It serves me right! I have been dealing with those men ever since I moved to this neighborhood, and that's the thanks I get! Of course, I may have let Muller's bill go this week too. I often have to do that, because the rent comes due or I have to get a set of dishes or a dress or something, but at least I don't run up bills on my tradesmen and then go deal elsewhere, as a lot of women do around here. I pay my bills—at least I pay them as well as I can—and yet people who run big accounts like the Strivers can go to the Rocky Mountains or Palm Beach or somewhere, and leave the tradesmen to wait for their money till they come back!"

"But that's what one gets for paying one's bills promptly—when you do need a little accommodation the tradesmen act as though you were trying to rob them!" she added after a pause.

So saying, Mrs. Jarr took the Thrift Stamps from Gertrude and deposited them on the proper card, noting with satisfaction that she only needed about eighty more to fill out her hundred-dollar card with the big four-dollar stamps.

But Mr. Slavinsky, the glazier, got the same message over to Mr. Jarr. Mr. Slavinsky encountered Mr. Jarr as the latter was coming out of the house, preparing to dodge Mr. Bepier, the butcher, and Mr. Muller, the grocer.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Slavinsky. "Gee told us to tell you to be sure you should come around by his place to-night. Bepier and Muller will be there, and Rafferty, the builder—everybody but that bummer Dinkston!"

"What's doing? Raffle for an eight-day stove in anticipation of the coal shortage?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No," said Slavinsky. "It's a meeting of the Uptown Business Men's Association."

"I can do an Eliza-crossing-the-ice out of the flat to-night I'll be with you," said Mr. Jarr in a tense whisper. "Meet me by the old mill at midnight with the papers."

"Meet yourself with your own papers!" replied Mr. Slavinsky somewhat indignantly. "I don't run no newstand!"

"Hut! We are watched!" cried Mr. Jarr, grasping the glazier by the wrist. "Did you see the war map of the Allied sweep in Macedonia? The Bulgars will not take Kosterl!"

"What you think I am—the moving pictures?" asked Mr. Slavinsky. "By golly! you get more crazy house every time I meet you!"

Mr. Jarr laughed and went his way. And that evening he eased himself out of the flat when his wife wasn't looking and joined the commercial interests of the neighborhood at Gus's.

Gus was beaming with mystery and pride. "Now everybody is here," he said at length. "I got a surprise. Maybe they can put my liquor store out of business, but they can't make me stop working."

"Sure!" chorused the others. "But what's it all about?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"The Uptown Business Men's Association of this neighborhood is getting up a Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, and everybody has got to buy more than he can afford!" said Gus.

"All in favor say 'Aye!'" cried Muller, the grocer. "Nobody is paying me what they owe me, so there must be lots of money around here to buy Liberty Bonds."

"Unanimously carried!" said Mr. Jarr.

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